THE

HEATHEN MARTYR:

OR, THE

DEATH

OF

SOCRATES,

An Hiſtorical

TRAGEDY.

In which is ſhewn,

That the Plague which infeſted the People of *Athens* was ſtay'd by the Deſtruction of the Enemies of that Divine Philoſopher.

By *G. ADAMS,* M. A.

LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR.
M.DCC.XLVI.

HARVARD COLLEGE
MAY 24 1912
LIBRARY.
Gift of Charles Jackson of Boston

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Theſeus, *King of Athens.*
Socrates.
Plato,
Crito,
Apollodorus,
Chærophon,
Firſt Judge, Lycon,
Lyſias, *the Orator*
Euripides,
} *Friends of* Socrates.

Melitus,
Anytus,
Porphirius,
} *His Enemies and Accuſers.*

Protogoras, *Prieſt of* Minerva.
Dromo, *Servant to* Melitus.

Judges, *Player*, *Head Jaylor*, *Deputy Jaylor*, *Officers*, *Guards*, *Attendants*, Athenians, &c.

W O M E N.

Meliſſa, *Wife of* Melitus,
Xantippe, *Wife of* Socrates,
Two Children of Socrates.

To His Royal Highneſs

The Duke of *CUMBERLAND.*

SIR,

THIS Tragedy humbly throws itſelf at your Royal Highneſs's Feet for Protection, who have been to our Nation twice a Deliverer; as the renown'd King *Theſeus*, who bears a Part therein, was to the People of *Athens*; Firſt, by ſlaying the *Cretan Minotaur*, who annually devoured ſeven of their Youths; and afterwards, by putting an end to the Plague which afflicted that People, for the Death of the divine *Socrates*, by the Deſtruction of his wicked Perſecutors. For no ſooner had your Royal Highneſs return'd from the Slaughter of our inveterate mortal Enemies Abroad; but you was called upon, by the Divine Providence, to put an end to another Plague at Home; the Plague of a wicked and unnatural Rebellion, by the Deſtruction of the Authors and Abettors thereof; in which ſo many of your Royal Father's loyal Subjects loſt their Lives and Fortunes, which by your Courage and Conduct you happily effected. Such glorious Atchievements done by your Royal Highneſs, for the Good of the Britiſh Nation, and the Proteſtant Intereſt in general, have render'd

render'd your Name ſo much more renown'd, and belov'd, by all true Lovers of their King and Country, true Religion and Liberties, than was ever that of King *Theſeus*; by how much more valuable is the Deliverance of a Nation, profeſſing the Chriſtian Religion, in its greateſt Purity and Perfection, from its worſt of Enemies, Popery and Slavery, than the Deliverance of a *Heathen Nation*. That the Bleſſings ſecur'd to theſe Nations, and to all others who enjoy them by your Royal Highneſs, may for ever be continued to us under the Succeſſion of your Royal Line; That you may live a long, happy, and proſperous Life; while all Nations, profeſſing the Chriſtian Religion, do, with the greateſt Love, Honour, and Gratitude, eſteem you as it's Defender and Preſerver; and that after this mortal Life is ended, you may attain everlaſting Joy and Felicity in the World to come; is, with all Sincerity, the continual Prayer of

Your Royal Highneſs's

moſt Obedient,

moſt Humble,

and moſt devoted Servant,

GEORGE ADAMS.

THE

HEATHEN MARTYR:

OR, THE

DEATH of *SOCRATES.*

ACT I.

SCENE King Theſeus's *Palace at* Athens, *near the Senate Houſe.*

Enter CRITO *and* LYSIAS.

CRITO.

THE Morning comes, and with it our Reproach,
Th' eternal Infamy of guilty *Athens.*
Shall then the Sun, O *Lyſias*, ſhame our Country?
And muſt we hide ourſelves in Night's dark Covert?
The Night, that ſcantling gives the Villain Comfort;
His ſhort Viciſſitudes from conſcious Thought.

LYS. Partaker in the Grief, unable to refute,
I hear the juſt Reproach of an *Athenian*;
Fruitleſs the Search; nor can we aught alledge
To vindicate the Honour of our Country.
What ſhall its Foes report?

CRIT. Ah!------rather ſay
What ſhall its Friends, the injur'd *Socrates*,

And his Adherents, on this ſad Occaſion,
When he, their ancient Father, Friend, Preſerver,
Is as a Malefactor, with Reproach,
Arraign'd before an impious Tribunal
Of Judges, whom his Valour had preſerv'd
Againſt their Foes in War, and Wiſdom taught
In Times of Peace to tread the Paths of Virtue.

LYS. In vain I ſtrove to ſtem th'o'erflowing Torrent
Of their ungovern'd Rage; pleaded in vain;
For like a Horſe unus'd to the Reſtraint
Of Curbs and Bits, the furious Rabblement,
Incens'd by popular Murmurs, cry'd aloud,
Their ancient Gods, their Temples, Altars, Rites,
Were by this *Socrates* prophan'd, deny'd,
And a new God unknown to them ſet up.

CRIT. Such is the Madneſs of the common People:
They ne'er allow themſelves the Time to think;
But, like the Blood-Hounds, give them but the Scent,
They ſtop not till they've hunted down their Prey.
Altho' his nat'ral Modeſty diſclaims
The Title of the wiſeſt of Mankind, *
Which by the Oracle he was declar'd,
Profeſſing himſelf to be ignorant
Of common Things; yet among the Sophiſts
That Title has been judg'd to be his Due
By their miſled Diſciples, whom in Thoughts
More ſerious he converted from their Schools.
Then do you think that he can be ſo vile?

LYS. I do not. But what is one ſingle Hero
Againſt a Troop of popular *Demagogues*,

Who

* *See* Byſhe's *Life of* Socrates, *p.* 52.

Who ſpare no Coſt or Pains to gain the Many,
And blow up their Seditions under-hand.
This do *Melitus*, *Anytus*, and *Lycon*,*
Who for ſome ſecret Grudges, as 'tis ſaid,
'Gainſt *Socrates*, who with his Tongue chaſtiz'd
The Lewdeneſs of the Comick Poets, who
Flatter the Vices of an impious Age,
And the Corruption of their Miniſtry,
Have with profoundeſt Hatred reſolv'd
To wreck their Malice by the good Man's Death.

CRIT. And they, you know, are bold, impetuous,
Powerful, wealthy, and their Paſſions Slaves;
Too proud to learn Inſtructions, and too baſe
To pardon ſuch as will rebuke their Faults.

LYS. Can Heaven behold ſuch Virtue in Diſtreſs,
Nor with its choiceſt Curſes blaſt the Authors
Of ſuch Ingratitude?

CRIT. 'Tis true indeed
That Nations ſuffer for ſuch publick Crimes:
But why, dear *Lyſias*, canſt thou tell me why
Should guiltleſs Men thus ſuffer with the Guilty,
And both be join'd in one promiſcuous Fate?

LYS. The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate;
Our Underſtanding traces them in vain:
We only know its Wiſdom cannot err
From Right, however loſt in the Purſuit.

CRIT. Such Speculations may become your Age,
And graver Thoughts: But is there yet no Hope
That we may ſtill prevent the fatal Sentence,
And ſave a Life ſo precious to Mankind,
The Life of our great Maſter, *Socrates*?

* *See* Byſhe's *Life of* Socrates, *p.* 79.

LYS. The Articles which are alledg'd againſt him
Are new and ſtrange; but yet his baſe Accuſers,
Who hatch'd them in their own accurs'd Cabals,
Wretches ſuborn'd by Hell, have ſworn to them.

CRIT. 'Tis ſaid that *Lycon*, who was once his Foe,
Is now become his Friend, and Pleader for him.

LYS. Then I'll endeavour ſtill to keep him ſo:
His Intereſt will be of much Importance;
He's highly honour'd by the King and Senate:
And what in us leſs graceful might appear,
His Countenance, like *Midas* King of *Phrygia*,
Who whatſoe'er he touch'd turn'd into Gold,
Will change to Virtue and to Excellence.

CRIT. He ſees us, and approaches: I'll withdraw
And leave you for a while. *Lyſias* remember
A good Man's Life depends upon your Tongue.
Farewell. [*Exit* Crito.

LYS. *Crito* farewell.

To Lycon *entering.*

How does my noble Lord?

LYC. Oh! *Lyſias*, Words are too weak to expreſs
The Tale I have to tell of mighty Wonder.

LYS. Speak, ſay, is *Socrates* condemn'd to die?
This Silence ſeems to anſwer me he is.

LYC. Too ſure, alas! he is.

LYS. And Sentence paſs'd?

LYC. No, that's deferr'd until another Day.

LYS. Tell me the Proceſs, *Lycon*, how he bore it.

LYC. 'Twould have amaz'd you. You have ſeen Mount *Atlas*,
When Storms and Tempeſts thunder on its Brows,

And

And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,
It ſtands unmov'd, and glories in its Height;
Such was the mighty Soul of this great Man.
Judges, ſaid he, you ſee my Innocence;
The Charge you have confeſs'd to be unjuſt,
Nor will I beg a leſſer Puniſhment
When it appears I have deſerved none.
Do you not honour ſuch as are expert
In Sciences, and able to inſtruct?
Why then ſhould I be ſentenced to Death,
Becauſe my Doctrine's uſeful to Mankind.

Lys. What follow'd then? Oh! let us hear the reſt,
How did the Judges reliſh this Defence.

Lyc. Long ſilently they ſat, nor rais'd their Heads,
As if Aſtoniſhment had ſeiz'd them all,
And a Confuſion ſcarce to be expreſs'd;
With ſuch Command he aw'd the whole Aſſembly;
Some wept, ſome rag'd, and in the Populace
A general Groan was heard of inward Grief:
But *Socrates*, fearleſs of all Death's Terrors
Said, Die I muſt, nor need I ſtand in fear
Of what I know will come, when it will come;
A neceſſary End to all Mankind.

Lys. 'Tis Time then you renounce your Enmity,
And join with us his Friends to ſave a Life
So uſeful, and prevent the World's great Loſs.

Lyc. Oh may he live till Time and Death are both
Sunk in th' immenſe Gulph of Eternity;
For when he's gone, Virtue and Truth muſt die;
Religion and her Laws. Who then ſhall dare

To check the lawleſs Tyrant's Cruelty,
Th'Oppreſſor's Wrongs, the proud Man's Contumely,
With Threats of future never ceaſing Woes?
Or to foretel th' Elyſian Joys prepar'd
For Saints who perſevere in Virtue's Courſe?

LYS. Ay! there, my Lord, you touch our heavieſt Loſs:
With him, Goodneſs herſelf is doom'd to ſuffer,
Or elſe be baniſh'd to her native Skies,
Weary of Men, and their deteſted Ways.

LYC. Kind Heaven ordain ſome better Fate for *Athens*.

LYS. What better can we hope if he ſhould die?

LYC. Thro' Ignorance I join'd with his Accuſers;
But now his Virtues flaſh out bright and clear
Thro' the dark Cloud of Infamy caſt on him.
I did not, for my Part, contrive his Death;
I had no pers'nal Cauſe to be his Foe,
But for the Sake of that conceited Sect
---- Of Sophiſts, whoſe inſulting Pride
Boaſts of ſuperior Knowledge, and would lead
Men blind-fold on with moſt inhuman Wrath
To hate who e'er diſſent from what they teach.

LYS. The pernicious Principles, of which
They were the firſt Planters, have now enflam'd
The Wrath of *Socrates's* Enemies,
Becauſe he always labour'd to expoſe
The Emptineſs of all their Sciences.

LYC. But be that as it will, I will not join
To perſecute for ſuch religious Brawls,
Wherein or Right or Wrong cannot be known;
No Reaſon rules, but Paſſion bears the Sway.

LYS.

LYS. Rightly you have deſcrib'd that impious Throng;
Their curſed Influence reigning in the Senate,
Hath bent its Rage 'gainſt his devoted Head.
Oh! wretched *Athens*, how is thy Glory ſullied,
Since fam'd *Themiſtocles*, our Patriot's time!
Govern'd by ſuch a Set of Miſcreants.

LYC. *Melitus* Wife oft falls in Tears before him,
Telling him of her terryfying Dreams
Of this juſt Man, and begs him not to ſwear
Againſt his Life;---but here, I ſee him coming.

Enter a Servant of Lyſias.

Servant. My Lord, ſome Friends expect you, at your Houſe,
And among them are *Socrates*, and moſt
Of his Diſciples, who deſire to ſee you.

LYC. Good *Lyſias* go; I'll follow you this Inſtant;
I'll have one Moment's Conference with *Melitus*,
Tho' much I fear he is too cloſely link'd
To old *Anytus's* Faction, that ſworn Foe
Of *Socrates*, for me to ſeparate them: [*Ex.* Lyſ. *and Serv.*
Tho' not impoſſible when I apply
Some ſerious Counſel to his Youth and Wildneſs.

Enter Melitus.

LYC. My Lord I hear what much diſpleaſes me,
And what does not ſuit with your Nobleneſs,
If true; that is, that you're become the Chief
Of the bold Faction, who have been conſpiring
To charge the good, the awful *Socrates*,
Of capital Offences 'gainſt the State.

MEL.

MEL. And it is true, ſuch Crimes are laid againſt him.
LYC. If ſo, I fear you're drawing on yourſelf
Miſchiefs that may at length prove fatal to you.
MEL. What ſaid great *Lycon*? Speak thoſe Words again.
Are you o'th' ſudden turn'd his Advocate?
Hath his ſtern Maxims caught your noble Mind,
Diſarm'd you of your generous Reſentments,
That from a Foe you're now become his Friend?
LYC. Call them not gen'rous, but caſt back your Eye
Upon the Wonders he has done to ſerve
Your Nation, and in ſetting up its Fame,
That it appears the Column of the World,
Which elſe had ſunk into the low'ſt Contempt:
Your Stateſmen, Generals, and Politicians
Preſerv'd from Death by him in bloody Wars;
Great *Alcibiades* and *Xenophon*:
And more, remember his Exploits at *Dellium*,
At *Potidæa* and *Amphipolis*,
And then conſider if you can arraign him.
MEL. Now! by my Stars, I believe you are become
One of his Scholars too; but have a Care,
Leſt you ſhould be involved in his Fate;
Shall thoſe Exploits, or twice as many more,
Excuſe th'unbridled Licence of his Tongue,
His Cenſures againſt us who have the Power
To make and unmake Kings? Muſt we be modell'd
By ſaucy Lectures of Philoſophy?
LYC. Why do you caſt out ſuch ungenerous Terms
'Gainſt the divine Inſtructor of Mankind?
Delight of Kings and Princes, given by

The Hand of God to the *Athenian* People,
To let them ſee their Faults and make them virtuous.
MEL. *Lycon* you ſeem enamour'd with the Stoic.
What is this boaſted Goodneſs you commend ſo?
LYC. His Soul is bent upon the nobleſt Views;
To lay ſuch Maxims down of Government,
That Governors may gain their Subjects Love;
In giving them ſuch wiſe, ſuch virtuous Laws,
Which the moſt Rude with Pleaſure will obey;
That even will make *Barbarians* ſociable,
And uſeful Members of the civil State.
MEL. What are his new, his wond'rous Arts untaught
Before by any? Are they not to make Men
Conceal their Luſts, and ſmooth their fierce Deſires
With Smiles; to bridle up the Tongue, and to
Conceal the Coward or the Hypocrite,
Who dares not ſhew the luſtful Heart's Deſires?
LYC. Let not theſe Prejudices blind your Mind,
But view the God-like Greatneſs of his Virtue;
His Juſtice, Candour, Love towards his Friends,
Aſſiduous Toils, and Labour for their Good;
Striving with voluntary Poverty:
For when his Friends have offer'd to him all
The Gifts and Preſents that a Soul could wiſh,
His rigid Virtue will accept of none.
MEL. ------ ------ You know he is a Stoic:
LYC. Then where's the Man that triumphs in Misfortunes,
With that unſhaken Conſtancy of Mind
Which always has been ſeen in *Socrates*?
MEL. Hold! hold! Let's hear no more: This fulſome Praiſe,

'Tis all Vain-glory, Haughtineſs of Soul:
But by *Minerva*, Goddeſs of our Nation,
Both thou and his Diſciples, and all thoſe
Who learn his Rules, and ſpread them thro' the World,
Thoſe civilizing Maxims, as you call them,
Shall ſuffer as the Partners of his Guilt,
If I have any Power in the State. [*Exit* Melitus.

LYC. He's gone, and darted Fury from his Eyes;
Youth and Proſperity have made him proud:
Yet fear not, *Socrates*; thy Cauſe is good;
A juſt King and his Senators will judge thee;
And as the Sun, whoſe early morning Ray
Diſpells the Clouds, thy Foes will drive away. *Ex.* Lyc.

Enter MELITUS and MELISSA.

MELIS. Sir, I will ſpeak, and you muſt hear me too:
The Pow'rs above, who rule o'er all on Earth,
And under whom all earthly Powers reign,
As they are mighty, pious, juſt, and wiſe,
And merciful, require that thoſe likewiſe,
Whom they depute to govern here below,
Should imitate their bright Original,
And act like them; thoſe Pow'rs deputed thine;
Then act like them in ſhewing Mercy now.

MEL. *Meliſſa*, urge me not; for by the Laws
Our rev'rend Judges will decide his Fate.
His Crime is that he hath prophan'd our Gods;
And when Men's Crimes exceed the Bounds of Reaſon,
The Gods' behold their Puniſhment with Pleaſure,
And lay th'uplifted Thunder-bolt aſide.

MELISS. Look not on Calumnies as Accuſations,
For Malice oft the whiteſt Virtue wounds,
But leaves uncenſur'd powerful Villany.
MEL. The wiſe and learned Judges of our Laws
Have piercing Eyes, and cannot be miſled;
But will diſcern the Truth, and juſtly puniſh
The falſe Accuſer, as the Criminal.
MELISS. Vice is aſſuming, nor will be controul'd
By philoſophic Lectures: And believe me
That the prophane Debauches of our Age
Abhor the Freedom wherewith he rebukes them.
MEL. 'Tis this unbridled Licence of his Tongue,
Which has provok'd and ſtir'd up Foes againſt him.
MELISS. 'Twas ever ſo, from the firſt famed Preacher,
Who, taught from Heav'n, ſpoke much of Right and Wrong,
Of Juſtice, Of Religion, Peace and Truth,
And Judgment from above. Him Old and Young
Aſſaulted, and had ſeiz'd with violent Hands,
Had not a Cloud deſcending ſnatch'd him thence,
Unſeen among the Croud.
MEL. What follow'd then?
MELISS. What could enſue from a licentious Throng,
Neither by Laws conſtrain'd, nor Reaſon led,
But Violence, Oppreſſion, and Sword Law?
MEL. Rightly you lay us down ſo good a Maxim,
To have ſevereſt Virtue for our Rule
In judging.
MELISS. Grant that I am but a Woman;
Being your Wife, that Title gives me Right
To point you out the Danger you are in.

Be not ſeduc'd by falſe Inſinuations
Of Malice and enthuſiaſtick Rage,
Deck'd with the various Forms of a Religion,
Thoſe proud ill-manner'd Zealots have contriv'd.

MEL. Whence had you this ſuperior Ray of Light,
This wond'rous Talent to diſcern Religions?

MELISS. Juſt Heaven affords thoſe Knowledge from above,
Who are ſincere; a Ray of nat'ral Light,
To know and judge how to direct their Ways
In Juſtice, Piety, and Charity:
Which ſince they want, their Boaſting is but vain.
Then be not falſely led by ſuch Deceivers,
To give your Voice 'gainſt injur'd Innocence.

MEL. No, as I honour Truth, and you my Wife,
I will not: Therefore reſt aſſur'd in this;
Your Admonition ſhall be treaſur'd up.
My Voice ſhall go where Juſtice points the Way,
Tho' inſtant Fate oppoſe or threaten me.

MELISS. Farewell then, and remember to do ſo.

MEL. Oh doubt it not, *Meliſſa*. Pray retire:
Anytus now is coming to my Houſe,
With others, where they mean to hold a Conference,
To judge of Matters in the Accuſation.
Retire, I pray; you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exit* Meliſſa.

MELITUS *ſolus*.

If from his Death no Evil thence enſue,
Then it were well 'twere done, and quickly too;
But oft it follows from a cruel Deed,
That Torments make their own Inventors bleed;

And

And Juſtice, with an even Hand, again
Returns the Cup which has from us been ta'en.
I have no pers'nal Cauſe to be his Foe;
But for th'*Athenian* Government I'm ſo;
Its Judges and its Miniſters of State:
I being one, our Honour cannot bear
The Sharp Reproaches of his rigid Virtue.
Tho' Emp'rors, Kings, and their Ambaſſadors,
Attend our Court, and rev'rence our free State,
The Pleaſure all is loſt, while *Socrates*
With an unbounded Liberty muſt rail,
Obſerve our Faults, and get them all by Rote,
To put them in the Tongues of all the World.

Enter ANYTUS *and* PORPHIRIUS.

Anytus and *Porphirius*, you are come
In Seaſon, to conſult of proper Means
How to remove this haughty carping Stoic,
Or ſtop the Gaul of his licentious Tongue.

AYT. I have already preſs'd him on that Head
With Promiſes and Threats; laid Hopes and Dangers
Before his Eyes; but ſtill he ſcorns them all.
Nor Height of Place, nor Dignity of Office,
Can ſcape his Cenſure, if we ſuffer him.
The Danger nearer grown, may prove too great
For our Suppreſſion, when the tainted Minds
Of Men averſe to our Authority
Shall grow too num'rous, and o'erthrow our State.

MELIT. Now in the Name of all the Gods of *Athens*,
What is there in this poor Philoſopher,

That

That he is thus admir'd, thus liſten'd to?

PORPH. 'Tis better then to meet the coming Danger,
And ſtop the Fountain whence ſuch Streams may flow,
Leſt breaking forth into a mighty Torrent,
It mocks our Care, and overflows the Field,
Drowning the noble Harveſt of our Grandure.

MELIT. Be ſure then let us urge all Arguments
Which may ſerve to ſupport the Accuſation:
Many, who have no Cauſe of juſt Complaint,
Envy his ſhining Virtues, and accuſe him
Ev'n for the Truths he boldly dares to utter.

ANYT. I pray thee ceaſe this nauſeous Praiſe of him,
Or I ſhall think *Melitus* too corrupted.

MELIT. No, tho' I hate him, I muſt tell the Truth.
Theſe will join with us in accuſing him,
As Scorner of our Gods, our Youth's Corrupter,
Under the feigned Semblance of Virtue.
Ageſilaus, *Ariſtoxenus*,
Who both are Judges, and will vote againſt him,
And more whom I could name. Till this Deed's done,
Howe'er our Hopes, our Joys were ne'er begun.

ANYT. Fear not but that theſe Arts will meet Succeſs;
Great Goddeſs *Ate*, be our Patroneſs.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II.

Scêne King Theſeus's *Palace at* Athens.

XANTIPPE.

XAN OUR Days of Comfort now are at an End,
Propos'd to laſt for many promis'd Years.
Alas! upon how ſlender a Foundation
Are built all Hopes of earthly Happineſs.
Bleſs'd were thoſe Days when *Socrates* and I,
Like *Adam* in his Bow'rs of Paradiſe
With his fair Spouſe, link'd in connubial Love;
Perpetual Fountain of domeſtick Sweets;
Where Love his golden Shafts employs, and lights
His conſtant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings.
Both wiſh'd thoſe Days might never end: But now,
Bay'd by his cruel Foes on ev'ry Side,
I'm ſhrunk with Horrors not to be expreſs'd;
And Danger now, in all its horrid Shapes,
Stalks in my Way, and makes my Blood run cold,
Worſe than a thouſand glaring Spirits could do.
Thou friendly Dæmon of my *Socrates*,
Look to thy Charge, aſſiſt him now or never.

Enter CRITO.

CRIT. Thou deareſt Partner of our worthy Maſter,

Bright

Bright Storer of your Sex's ſhining Virtues,
The News I bring I fear will ſhake your Quiet.
That Dæmon which you ſpeak of has, I fear,
Abandon'd *Socrates* to utter Ruin;
A Prey to th' Malice of his cruel Foes.

XAN. By all the Fears which thrill my troubled Heart,
What can you mean by Words ſo full of Horror?

CRIT. Juſt now I ſaw him, and he's coming here,
Guarded, to take his Trial, and declares
He is not anxious to preſerve his Life;
* And that his Dæmon had perſuaded him
From thinking what to ſay in's own Defence.

XAN. Unfriendly Pow'r! what not defend himſelf?
By the kind Gods intreat him: Ought he not
Plead his own Merits?

CRIT. *Lyſias* th'Orator
Compos'd a Speech, and offer'd it to him;
But he refuſes to pronounce it.

XAN. Alas! muſt our next Meeting prove ſo fatal?

CRIT. A brave Contempt of Life, together with
Diſdain of his unjuſt Accuſers Malice,
Has wrought him to that Temper; nothing makes
Him leſs, but turns to be majeſtick in him.

XAN. When will he come?

CRIT. He's coming now this Hour;
And with him comes the King and all the Senate:
Likewiſe that old malicious Fiend *Anytus*,
And *Melitus*, his Accuſers. I ſaw them
Both whiſp'ring with *Porphirius*, and their Faces
Were wrinkled over with ill-natur'd Smiles.

XAN.

* See Ryſhe's *Life of* Socrates, *p.* 85.

XAN. Then here this very Moment will I meet them,
And humbly on my Knees I'll beg his Life;
They will have Mercy on my helpleſs State,
Pity my Tears, and all my humble Poſtures.
CRIT. Theſe are vain Hopes. Beſides, the Time is come
Appointed for his Trial. Wait th' Event:
That will be Time enough for you to do
After he is condemn'd. Behold they come.

Enter King THESEUS, *1ſt Judge or Senator* Lycon, *2d Senator* Porphirius, *other Senators,* Anytus, Melitus, *Officers, Guards, and Attendants.*

LYC. Hail to the moſt heroick King of *Athens,*
The moſt victorious of the Royal Race!
Great *Theſeus,* welcome to your Senators;
Their great Deliv'rer, by the Conqueſt of
The *Cretan* Minotaur, who had devour'd
Sev'n of our nobleſt Youths in ev'ry Year.
THES. It joys me much that I have been ſo happy;
For *Ariadne,* by her wond'rous Skill,
From *Dædalus'* Labyrinth ſet me free;
And whate'er Danger elſe threaten the State,
I'll riſque again the Hazard of my Life.
MELIT. Happy had *Athens* been, had you been King
When fam'd *Lyſander,* blaſted be his Name!
From *Lacedæmon* came, and with his Fleet
Did on the Coaſts of *Helleſpont* deſtroy
Th' *Athenian,* and the Kings of *Sparta* too
From *Peloponeſus* begirt our Walls,
Our Government aboliſh'd, and ſet up
Thirty abhorred Tyrants here to reign;

Thoſe bloody Perſecutors of the Lives
Of all our nobleſt Sons and Citizens.

THES. Th'*Athenians* there may juſtly blame themſelves:
For had you ta'en th'Advice of *Socrates*,
And not have put to Death two valiant Captains,
Then *Athens* never had been ſo unhappy.
But I will let the ſad Remembrance drop.

ANYT. Do not, my Lord, ſince it brings to our Mind
The Name of *Socrates*; that arrogant,
That proud Invader of his Country's Peace.

THES. No more, *Anytus*: I perceive your Envy;
And ancient Malice 'gainſt his ſpreading Fame
Thro' all the Regions of the yet known World:
But I will hear no more of this old Grudge.

LYC. Oh Godlike Juſtice! ſuiting mighty *Theſeus*. [*Aſide.*

MEL. Pardon, great Sov'reign; for in your Abſence
He's been impeach'd by us of divers Crimes,
And now in Bonds is coming to receive
His Doom from you, and from your Senators.

THES. How durſt you, factious Rebels as you are,
Bind him in Bonds without my ſtrict Command?
Am I not then your King? and will you wreſt
My Sov'reign Pow'r from me?

MEL. Pardon, Great Sir!
His Liberty was full of conſtant Danger
Unto your State; and it muſt have been charg'd
Upon your Regents, had they not reſtrain'd him,
But, like the Owner of a foul Diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed,
Ev'n on the Pith of Life.

THES.

THES. Where is he now?
ANYT. Without, my Lord, guarded to take his Trial.
THES. Bring him before us.
ANYT. Bring in *Socrates*

[*Exit Officer, and brings in* Socrates.

MEL. My Lord the King, and you great Senators,
Here are the Accuſations writen down,
And ſworn unto by us who do accuſe him.
Reads.
The firſt Charge is, that he is criminal
Becauſe he worſhips not the Gods of *Athens*,
But introduces ſtrange new Deities.
And he is farther criminal likewiſe,
Becauſe he's a Corruptor of the Youth.
Alſo his other Crime appears from hence;
That he inſtructed *Critias*, who was one
Of the *Athenian* thirty cruel Tyrants.
ANYT. My Liege the King, and Senators of *Athens*,
That he is guilty doth appear in this:
Who knows not he hath publickly declared
Our Dæmons are no Gods? that only one
Is God ſupreme, who ruleth over all?
POR. And this Belief he labours to infuſe
In all Men's Minds; and thus is *Jupiter*,
* Giver of Rains, and Darter of the Thunders,
By him dethron'd, and held in utmoſt Scorn;
Saying, the Clouds which deck th'uncolour'd Sky,
And wet the thirſty Earth with falling Show'rs,
Are Gods, not they.
THES. Now anſwer *Socrates*.

* Byſh's *Life of* Socrates, *p.* 107.

Soc. *Athenians*, Countrymen, and Citizens,
You all who wonder why I am brought here,
Accus'd of Crimes punish'd by Law with Death;
Nor can you wonder more than I myself.
You all well know the Dignities I bore,
As offer'd to me, which I never sought;
You all well know what Power I refus'd,
When it could not be held with Innocence:
You thought me worthy then, honour'd and lov'd me.
What hinders then that still you do the same?

Thes. Speak on, Sir.

Soc. Thus wrong'd then as I am, first let me answer:
It is well known I always have attended
In Temples at the solemn Sacrifice:
How can I then be charg'd as a Contemner
Of the *Athenian* Gods? *Melitus*, speak;
* Have you not seen me at the Sacrifice?
Think then what Guilt must hang upon thy Soul,
Thus falsely to accuse me of this Crime.

Mel. But in your Heart you're known to disbelieve
Our Gods.

Thes. Proceed Sir, to the other Points.

Soc. Next I am charg'd with corrupting the Youth:
Let those whom I've corrupted first accuse me.
What Youths with me conversing, from devout
Are impious-grown; from modest, insolent;
From thrifty, lavish; or from sober, Drunkards;
Or from laborious, lazy, came from me?

Thes. None, *Socrates*, that we know of.

Soc. Let Parents speak whose Children I've corrupted,

Who

* Bysh's *Life of* Socrates, *p.* 85.

Who ſhould have been the firſt of my Accuſers,
Had I corrupted them.

1ſt *Judge.* That is the Truth.

MEL. I have known thoſe whom thou haſt corrupted,
Rather to believe thee, than to believe their Parents.

SOC. So every Artiſt in his proper Art,
Is rather believ'd, than Father, Son, or Brother.
We chuſe not Generals, Phyſicians, or Lawyers,
Being kindred, but by their ſuperior Skill;
And if my Skill excells all other Men's,
Muſt I not be believed more than them all?

ANYT. Hah! See they ſeem tranſported with his pleading.
[*Aſide to* Melit.

MEL. Confuſion to them! we ſhall loſe our Cauſe
[Melit. *aſide to him.*

SOC. Now rather ſay, 'twas not a Zeal for *Athens,*
Or for its Gods, or Youth, drew thee, *Anytus,*
And thee, *Melitus,* to be my Accuſers;
But Hopes t'enrich yourſelves with your Oppreſſions,
Which make the honeſt Citizens cry out,
And ſcorn to hear Inſtruction from my Tongue.

ANYT. 'Tis well good *Socrates*; but we can hear you,
And bear the Scandal too with Patience.

MEL. Ay, and with Scorn.

THES. No more? This is no Place
For brawling, ſo proceed you on Sir.

SOC. Hath not th'unerring Oracle of *Delphos*
Declar'd me wiſeſt, and moſt juſt of all Men?

ALL. How's this, we'll hear no more.

* SOC. Why are you ſtartled, ſince the Oracle
Itſelf

* *See* Byſhe's *Life of* Socrates, *p.* 86.

Itſelf did greater Honour to *Lycurgus*,
The Legiſlator of *Lacedæmon*?
Who entering the Temple of the God,
He Him ſaluted, with theſe Words: 'I'm thinking,
'Whether I ought to call thee, Man or God.'

THES. This is the Truth, as Hiſtory informs us.

SOC. Be it admitted that I claim a Power
Of knowing Things to come: Is it not true
That I've foretold my Friends many Events,
Which, by Experience, they have found moſt true?

Judge LYC. This cannot be deny'd.

SOC. Which of you all can charge me with a Lye?
Remember great *Timarchus*, who declared
He died, becauſe he took not my Advice;
Remember too, the Fate of *Charmidas*,
Crito, and many more whom I could name.

3d *Judge*. Which Way comes the celeſtial Voice to him,
Porphyrius what think you?

POR. I like him not.
What is he more than mortal, that he thus [*whiſpers.*
Should be befriended by th'immortal Gods?

SOC. Who with a more diſdainful Eye than me
Looks down on Pleaſures, and the Baits of Senſe?
Of whom have I receiv'd Reward or Bribe?
Whoſe Silver, or whoſe Gold have I deſir'd?
Or did I e'er deny my Advice to any?

LYC. Is't not well known that all Men court the Favour *
Of this divine Inſtructor of Mankind?
That all Men own themſelves oblig'd to him,
While he himſelf is not oblig'd to any?

Have

* Byſh's *Life of* Socrates, *p.* 40, 41.

Have not the greateſt *Grecian* Monarchs beg'd
The Honour of his Preſence at their Courts?
This did *Archelaus*, King of *Macedonia*,
Whoſe Preſents he ſo gen'rouſly refus'd.

Soc. How comes it when the City was beſieg'd,
And Cries of ſharp Affliction heard around,
That I alone continu'd unconcern'd,
While others purchas'd Dainties at high Price,
Myſelf, with a ſmall Pittance, was content?
I ſay not this to boaſt what I have done,
I only ſay it to defend myſelf.

Lyc. We muſt confeſs he ſpeaks the Truth.

Soc. This then the juſt Reward of all my Toils,
To have thoſe Arms that won you Battles, drove
Th'inſulting Foe with Terror from your Walls,
Thus chaf'd and gall'd with theſe inglorious Chains?

Por. Where will this haughty Arrogance conclude?

3d *Judge*. He makes himſelf our Judge, he cenſures us.

Por. This is the laſt Time that we are to try him.

3d *Judge*. Shall we paſs Sentence? Speak, what ſhall we do.

All. He is Guilty of the Crimes.

Thes. Now *Socrates*, you ſee you are found guilty;
Yet is it in your Power to ſave your Life;
But are reduced to this Neceſſity,
To plead for an Abatement of your Sentence,
For Baniſhment, Impriſonment, or Death.

Soc. Impriſonment I know muſt be an Evil;
But whether Death be ſo, I cannot ſay.

All. Chuſe your own Sentence.

Soc. To own my Guilt, and chuſe my Puniſhment,

That

That were to own the Juſtice of your Charge:
But ſince you grant that I ſhould chuſe my Sentence,
And doom myſelf unto what I deſerve,
I will not keep you longer in Suſpence;
Unto this Sentence I condemn myſelf:
That in the *Pritaneum* I be maintained,
For the Remainder of my Days to come,
At the Expences of the Common Wealth,
For all the Service I have rendered you.

POR. Intolerable Vanity! do y'hear him?

ALL. Say how is this? in the *Pritaneum*?

POR. Inſolent Man!

ALL. Hence bear him, hence, away.

POR. To Death away.

ALL. Away with him to Death.

POR. But what Death muſt he die? Speak all my Lords,
By Poiſon, Axe, or Gibbet? Speak.

ALL. By Poiſon.

POR. Let him drink the Juice of *Hemlock*.

ALL. Ay, the Juice of *Hemlock*.

SOC. Hear me, ye Judges:
What are thoſe Crimes for which Men ſuffer Death?
Are they not Treaſons, Sacrileges, Murthers,
Thefts, Robberies? and can my worſt Accuſers,
With all their Impudence, charge me with them?
Oh Judgment! Thou art fled to brutiſh Beaſts,
And Men have loſt their Reaſon.

POR. Speak no more.

Enter an Officer.

OFF. My Lord, here come ſome Citizens, and beg

You'd

You'd hear them, in the Priſoner's Defence.
THES. Bring in their Names; if they be honourable,
Let them enter.
OFF. Their Names I've taken here,
Plato, *Apollodorus*, *Chærophon*;
They are his Scholars.
ALL. Bid them enter then.
THES. Well Sirs, what would you?
PLAT. My moſt gracious King,
And rev'rend Bench of Judges, hear us ſpeak.
We come not here to plead for *Socrates*,
Or beg the Sentence paſs'd ſhould be repeal'd;
For that were to condemn thoſe worthy Judges,
Who this Day have paſs'd Sentence on his Life,
And thoſe who gave their Evidence againſt him.
THES. Speak, Sir; you ſhall be heard.
APOL. Tho' we are come as Suitors for his Pardon,
We will not blame thoſe Laws which have condemn'd him.
He was our Friend, and we have learn'd of him
In Wiſdom's School; we oft' have heard his Lectures
Of Wiſdom, Truth, and ſound Philoſophy;
And beg that, as a Ranſom for his Life,
You would accept three hundred Crowns from us.
PLAT. We'll all be Sureties for the faithful Payment.
SOC. Oh Friends! if Sentence had been juſtly paſs'd,
Then I ſhould plead for Mercy, and confeſs
My juſt Acknowledgments for your great Love.
But ſince without a Cauſe I am condemn'd,
Nor have incur'd the Forfeit of my Life,
I ſhould be wanting to that brave Defence

That's juſtly due to injur'd Innocence,
Should I ſo meanly bow to pay a Ranſom,
Or let my Life be ranſom'd by my Friends.

POR. Break up the Council. Captain, guard the Priſ'ner
Safe to his Priſon.

THES. Whate'er is the Cauſe,
I like not this Proceeding. [*Exeunt.*

PLAT. We do intreat you, *Socrates*, to live
For your Friends ſake, altho' not for your own.

SOC. Would my Friends have me to acknowledge Crimes
The Laws have found me guilty of, by the
Commands of thoſe who judg'd me, and by asking
My forfeit Life, proclaim their Juſtice? No;
But die I will without the leaſt Complaint:
My Soul ſhall vaniſh ſilent as the Dew
Attracted by the Sun from verdant Fields,
And Leaves of weeping Flow'rs.

APOL. Wond'rous good Man!
How ſhall I worthily lament thy Fate?

SOC. Grieve not for me, but rather be rejoic'd
That I am guiltleſs. Had you rather find
I'd been to ſuffer juſtly for my Crimes?

PLAT. Not ſo, great Maſter: You have often told us
That Innocence is a moſt ſtrong Support.

SOC. That Death is glorious which is earn'd by Virtue.
My Heart has ended ev'ry earthly Care,
And nothing now remains for me to do,
But to pray for my Country and you;
So paſs the Forms of Death with Conſtancy,
And leave a Life become indifferent to me.

Officer.

Officer. Sirs, Sirs, I muſt obey the Senate's Order.
APOL. Alack, then muſt we part! If ſo, I fear
I never ſhall out-live you.
SOC. As you're a Man, and if you ever lov'd me,
Seek not, *Apollodorus*, to prevent
The Time of Life, but arm yourſelf with Patience,
Untill a Summons comes from that high Pow'r
Which governs us below. Take my Advice,
And learn this Leſſon among all the reſt;
That ſuff'ring Virtue, howſoe'er oppreſs'd,
Or ſoon or late its juſt Reward ſhall find.
It is its own Reward; for the firm Mind
Safe on exalted Virtue reigns ſedate,
Superior to the giddy Whirls of Fate.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE *a Priſon.*

Enter CRITO *and* Jaylor.

Jayl. YOUR gen'rous Bounty, Sir, I will repay;
You may command me to your greateſt Service.
CRIT. To make the Means for his Eſcape ſecure;
That's all I ask.
Jayl. Sir, you ſhall be oblig'd.
The Under Keepers all at my Command,
To me ſhall quit the Charge of *Socrates*;
And on this Night, when all are gone to Reſt,
He ſhall have Liberty of free Eſcape.
CRIT. This Preſent ſhall be doubled; you ſhall have
One hundred Crowns more when he is eſcap'd
Jayl. Make not my Truth the ſmalleſt of your Doubt.
CRIT. But firſt admit me to the Speech of him,
To give him Notice of what we intend.
Jayl. Follow me, Sir, and I will lead you ſtrait
To his Apartment.
CRIT. On, I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Socrates *appears chained in a Cell in the Priſon, his Neck and Limbs galled with the Chains.*

SOC. I ſay the thinking Soul is ſomewhat more
Than Symmetry of Atoms well diſpos'd,
The Harmony of Matter. Farewell elſe
The Hope of all Hereafter; that new Life,
That intellectual Subſtance which ſurvives,
When this fine Frame is moulder'd into Duſt.
This deadly Draught their Union may diſſolve,
But cannot end th'Exiſtence of the Soul.
The Heav'ns ſhall be in Flames, the Elements,
The Sun, the Moon, and all the Stars diſſolv'd;
But thou amidſt the Conflict ſhalt enjoy
The Bloom of Youth to all Eternity.
Ha! who comes here, my kind Diſciple *Crito*?

Enter CRITO.

Why are you ſo in Love with Miſery,
To come to ſhare th'Infection of my Fate,
And run the Hazard of your Life for me?

CRIT. This gloomy Cell, where nothing but the Voice
Of Miſery and ſharp Affliction ſounds,
Yet yields ſome Comfort at the Sight of you.

SOC. Indeed to thoſe whoſe Guilt hangs heavy on them,
This gloomy Cell bears ſome Reſemblance
To that Diſtreſs which deſolates the Soul.
But to the Soul on Contemplation's Wing,
Viewing the Realms of approaching Joy,
A Palace and a Dungeon are alike.

CRIT.

CRIT. But I have News of Comfort to relate.
I've gain'd the Jaylor's Aid for your Eſcape,
Which he this Night has promis'd to permit,
If you will take th Advantage of the Time.
SOC. Know you ſo little yet of *Socrates*,
To think he'd purchaſe Life on Terms ſo baſe,
As cowardly eſcaping from his Priſon,
T'evade the Sentence by the Law decreed?
CRIT. In *Theſſaly* you ſhall find ſafe Retreat;
My Wealth, my Pow'r, and Int'reſt, there are yours.
SOC. Think you that Men ne'er die in *Theſſaly*?
Grant that I might eſcape my preſent Sentence,
Nature from my firſt Birth-day has decreed,
That I muſt die: Death I cannot eſcape;
And meditating that I muſt die once,
I have the Patience to endure it now.
CRIT. Sir, if your Sentence had been juſtly paſs'd,
Then I ſhould think eſcaping were unjuſt.
SOC. Tho' wicked Judges do pervert the Laws,
To paſs erroneous Sentence; yet thoſe Laws
Command Obedience to what they decree.
CRIT. If wrongfully condemn'd, you fly from Death,
You cannot act unworthy of yourſelf.
SOC. 'Tis not the Part of me, who am condemn'd,
My Sentence to reverſe, and judge the Laws.
Would you plead for your Son, who when chaſtis'd,
Should dare to brand the Juſtice of his Parent,
Run from his Home, and turn a Vagabond?
The more th'unjuſtice of my Puniſhment,
The greatear is the Merit of my Patience.

Enter

Enter Jaylor.

Jay. Haſte! Haſte! Good Sir, the Hour of Flight is come;
By the South Door you may get clear away,
By the Aſſiſtance of the gloomy Night;
My Under Keeper ſhall aſſiſt your Flight.

Enter Under Keeper.

Und. Keep. If you delay one Moment more, your Life
Stands in aſſured Loſs with all your Friends,
Who now endeavour to aſſiſt your Flight.
Through yonder Gate, you may diſcern the Torch-light,
Guards, Officers, and Executioner
Approaching hither.

CRIT. Oh Sir, haſten hence.

Soc. By haſtening hence from Death, I ſhall thereby
But haſten on a Death of Infamy.

Jay. Oh Sir, be ſpeedy; they are at the Gate.

Enter Chærophon, Plato, Apollodorus, Lyſias, Xantippe, *with two of* Socrates's *Children.*

CHÆR. Oh *Socrates*, this Morn, this mournful Morn,
By the Return of the fatal Ship,
Whoſe Head crown'd by *Apollo's* Prieſt, to *Delos*
Went to perform the annual Sacrifice,
Your Doom is fix'd, and Orders have been given
For your immediate Death; the Guards approach,
And Executioner.

XAN. What ſhall I do?

Soc. Oh yet ſubmit with Patience, *Xantippe.*

XAN.

XAN. Why haſte you not away, make your Eſcape?
Why do you drag then when your Fate cries go?
SOC. I ſay I have already given Reaſons,
To which your Prayers muſt of Force ſubmit;
And therefore leave me, Oh, my *Xantippe*,
And my two Children who thus diſſolve me.
The Power whoſe unſearcheable Decree
Thus dooms our Parting, give you Strength to bear it;
To bear my Death, for 'twill be very ſoon!
Yet you ſhall hear nothing unworthy me,
Nothing that's faint, and flagging at the Goal;
But my laſt Gaſp like my firſt Start of Glory.
XAN. What! leave thee e'er I kiſs thy wounded Body?
SOC. With this my bruiſed Fleſh held up to *Heaven*,
Upon my Knees I'll beg the Pow'rs Divine,
T'eſtabliſh thus the Doctrines I have taught;
To plant them in dead *Socrates's* Blood,
If that, dear Friends, will ſatisfy our Foes.
CHÆR. May the ſame Powers grant your pious Prayers!
Fear not, Sir, but your Death will be reveng'd.
SOC. My good Diſciples,
There is a Providence that rules o'er all;
Therefore ſubmit, haſte for your Lives away;
Retire to *Euclides* at *Mægara*,
T'avoid the Rage of my Calumniators,
And there ſtay 'till the Tempeſt be o'erblown.
XAN. Ah! my dear *Socrates*.
SOC. *Crito*, I cannot bear to hear her Mourning;
Take her from hence, and lead her ſafely home.
XAN. I go. For you this Prayer I leave behind me,

When

When you are dead, the Arms of *Angels* waft you;
To thoſe ſmooth Joys that have no gritty Moments;
For thoſe that brought you to this barb'rous End,
The Whips of Conſcience drive them to Deſpair;
Conſcience, t'have none; why then the Stings of Pleaſure,
Sores and Diſeaſes, Diſappointments plague them:
May all their Life be one continu'd Torment,
And that more wrecking than their Mother's Labour;
In meeting *Death*, may their laſt Trouble be
As great as now, my parting is with thee.
[*Exit with* Crito *and the Children.*

PLAT. Behold the Miniſters of *Death* approach.

Enter Anytus, Melitus, Officers, Guards, Executioner.

SOC. My End is near, *Death's* Miniſters approach,
And I will look on *Death* indifferently.
MEL. We bring you News, Sir, that you are to die
This very Morn, before the Clock ſtrikes Ten.
SOC. This was no more than what I did expect.
Two Days ago, as I lay in my Bed,
A beauteous Woman in my Dream I ſaw,
Who gave me Notice of my Death, ſaying,
Thou ſhalt within three Days at fertile Phthia be.
PLAT. Dear Sir, have you nothing to recommend
About your Burial, after you are dead?
What muſt be done, your Relicts to preſerve
From the Oblivion of the ſilent Grave?
And from the vile reproachful Tongues of Men,

When

When the ſad Story of your Death is told.

Soc. But treaſure up my Precepts in your Mind;
Call to your Mind the Fate of *Palamedes*,
Who fell oppreſs'd by ſland'rous Accuſations,
And ſhines more Bright in the Records of Fame,
Than doth *Ulyſſes* who was his Accuſer.

Anyt. Prepare, the very utmoſt Time's at hand,
And we muſt ſtrait perform the King and Senate's Order,
In putting their Sentence in Execution.

Soc. I am prepar'd, give me the mortal Draught.

[*Takes the Cup.*

My Death and Life, my Bane and Cure I take
At once: Weep not my Friends, nor mourn for me.
Plato, If I foreſee aright, your Name
* Will be renown'd in the Records of Fame;
I dream'd that you did from my Boſom fly
A Swan, and fill the Earth with Melody;
No Crime at *Athens* 'twill hereafter be,
That you've been call'd Scholars and Friends to me.
I owe a Cock to *Æſculapius*, pray
Fail not to ſee it paid without delay.

[*Drinks and dies.*

Plat. There fled the mightieſt Soul that ever warm'd
A human Breaſt, beware now wretched *Athens*,
That you do not too late repent the Fault
Of your too raſh ungovern'd Cruelty:
† I bleſs thee, O Almighty Pow'r above,
Who caus'd me to be born, and to live
I'th' Age of this divine Philoſopher;

Men

* *See* Byſshe's *Life of* Socrates, *p.* 38. † Ibid, *p.* 38.

Men never know the Cauſe they have to mourn,
The Loſs of Good, until they find Return;
The Evil which that Good had kept away,
And ſeize upon them as an eaſy Prey;
Thy Wiſdom flowing from thy Tongue divine,
Inſpir'd a purer Flame than to repine
For worldly Wealth, but to reform the Mind,
To long for Virtue, whoſe Reward ſhall be
Thoſe Riches, which endure eternally. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE before the Temple of Minerva.

Enter Theſeus, Judges, Guards, *&c.*

THES. SURE Heav'n is angry at this dreadful Time,
For ſome enormous Crime by Man commited;
Such Multitudes ſwept to the Shades below,
By this moſt dire Contagion plainly ſhew it.

To them enter Lyſias.

LYS. The Skill of our Phyſician is in vain;
The Planets ſtrike, the hollow Caverns yawn,
Breathing out rheumy peſtilential Damps
Which ſpread a ſad Infection; Heaven and Earth,
Unite their Pow'rs againſt our wretched State.

Enter LYCON.

Lycon, why look you ſo amazedly?

LYC. This Moment, as I paſs'd along the Streets,
I found them cover'd with the proſtrate Dead;
Shrieks and Groans heard.
Two Thouſand in this very moment drop'd;
Scarce one had Time to mourn his Brother's Fate,

But

But ſtrait he fell himſelf dead on the Ground,
Likewiſe lamented. I ſaw *Zeno* fall,
Ariſtocrates, and *Pollydamas*,
And *Xenocrates*, holding ſuppliant Hands
Towards *Minerva's* Temple, fell down dead.

To them enter Protagoras *Prieſt of* Minerva, *follow'd by* Athenians, *who kneel to* Theſeus.

PRO. Oh Father and Deliverer of your Country;
To you we ſupplicate as to a God,
Humbly with lifted Hands and bended Knees,
To look upon our ſad diſtreſſed State;
Whom you have once deliver'd, but alas!
The Glory of that Deed will be forgot,
When your dead Subject cannot praiſe you for it;
Deliver us then from this other Plague.

THES. Alas! my People, what can I do for you?
Such is the Common Courſe of Providence,
That each Delight is temper'd with Affliction.
What Man could do, I have not fail'd to do;
But ſent to *Apollo's* Oracle at *Delphos*,
T'enquire out the Cauſe and Remedy
Of this ſad Plague which now infeſts the Land;
And now the Meſſenger comes with an Anſwer.

Enter Meſſenger.

MES. The ſacred Prieſt upon the *Tripos* ſtood,
And with theſe Words, anſwer'd to my Demand.
Why *Athens* is curs'd with a dreadful Plague,
Innocent Blood in *Athens* lately ſhed,

Hath

Hath drawn theſe horrid Plagues upon your Head.

THES. Behold *Athenians*, how the God's eſteem
The Blood of Men, when they revenge it on
A whole Nation, by Monſters, Wars, and Plagues,
If't be unjuſtly ſhed. But where, or who
The Murth'rers are; thoſe Cankers which devour
Our Pith of Life; and whoſe the innocent Blood
Which hath by them been ſo unjuſtly ſhed;
We muſt beſeech *Minerva* to inform us.

PROT. Oh! Thou great Guardian, Goddeſs of our City,
Have Pity on thy ſad diſtreſſed People.

PROT. I think we came to worſhip, ſee the Gates
Are open, and the Prieſts attend the Altar.
Enter and ſupplicate *Minerva*'s Aid.

[*Exeunt into the Temple.*

Scene the Theatre.

Enter Euripides *and a Player.*

EUR. Pronounce theſe Lines, and with an Accent clear
And loud, that all the Audience may hear,
How gently ſoe'er you ſpeak the reſt.

Play. The King, his Court, and all the Judges come
This Ev'ning hither to ſee this new Play,
Hearing ſome Part on't touches cloſe the Times;
Since Prayers prevail not on the Deity,
To intermit this ſad diſaſt'rous Plague:
For Poets have, they ſay, prophetic Spirits.

Enter King, Senators, Guards, Attendants, Lycon, Porphirius.

THES. My Lords, what call you this new Play?

LYC.

LYC. My Liege, the Title on't is *Palamedes.*
THES. Who was this *Palamedes?*
3*d Judge.* The Son of *Nauplius*, King of *Euboea*,
Who forc'd *Ulysses* to the *Trojan* Wars
Againſt his Will, therefore by him accus'd,
Tho' falſely; he was ſton'd to Death at *Troy.*
LYC. My Lord, the Story is in *Homer*'s Iliads.
THES. We ſhall know this by him who ſpeaks the Prologue.

Enter Prologue.

Prol. *My noble Hearers, lend attentive Ear,*
A famous Grecian *Story you ſhall hear,*
Recorded ſev'ral hundred Years ago,
And now brought back t'adorn our preſent Show;
And we will with theſe Words begin our Play,
From the moſt Juſt of all the Greeks *you ſnatch'd the Life away.*

THES. D'ye hear? 'tis plain at what the Poet aims.
LYC. Mark'd you that Line, my Lord and Senators?
From the moſt Juſt of all, &c.
THES. That Line, 'tis plain, relates to *Socrates.*
POR. Command him hence, my Lords; he's an Impoſtor.
LYC. Look round and view what Floods of Sorrow ſwell
The Eyes of the Beholders.
THES. Certainly
Theſe Plagues fall on us to revenge his Death.
POR. Hear me, my Lords; believe *Porphirius.*
THES. Are you not one of his falſe Accuſers?
Take Heed leſt you provoke our Anger more,
In offering to juſtify yourſelf.

LYC.

LYC. If you will pleaſe to hear the Prologue out,
We ſhall know more.
THES. Then ſpeak the Prologue out.

Prol. *But let this cruel Deed recorded be,*
For a juſt Warning to Poſterity;
Leſt Patriots falſely ſlander'd, as he'as been,
Should fall as Victims to envenom'd Spleen.

THES. Go bring the Poet here into our Preſence,
To tell us the whole Purport of the Play.
3*d Judge.* Bring here *Euripides* immediately.
Yes, it is plain that we have been abus'd.
[*Exit Officer, and enters with* Euripides.
EUR. 'Tis well, my Lords, now that you've ſadly felt
Such ſad Calamities, you ſeek the Cauſe:
'Tis well that ſad Experience makes you believe
What you before would not believe was true.
You put to Death the guiltleſs *Socrates:*
Therefore the righteous Gods thus viſit you
With Multiplicity of diverſe Plagues.
LYC. Alas! 'twas what I fear'd.
THES. We'll ſend our Warrant out to apprehend
Ariſtoxenus, *Ageſilaus*,
Anytus, and *Melitus*, and *Porphirius*,
And the reſt.
POR. Fate now has caught us; we are all undone. [*Aſide.*
My Lords, I humbly kneel to crave your Mercy
For me and all my Friends: We do confeſs.
3*d Judge.* What doſt thou ſay?
THES. Mercy! yes, Traytor, you ſhall have ſuch Mercy

As

As you ſhew'd to the guiltleſs *Socrates*;
Such as your horrid Perjuries deſerve.
Here take him inſtantly,
And all the reſt of his Accomplices,
And guard them at the Peril of your Lives.

[*To the Guards, who ſeize* Porphirius, *and carry him off.*

EUR. Oh now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The Dint of Pity: Theſe are gracious Drops. [Plagues,

1ſt Judge LYC. Our Land will ne'er be free from all theſe
And Peace reſtor'd, until thoſe be cut off,
For whoſe Sake Heaven afflicts the Innocent,
And ſcatters ſuch Variety of Plagues.

THES. Fail not, but ſee our Orders be obey'd,
That every where the ſtricteſt Search be made
For th'Authors of all the Calamities
Which my good Subjects are afflicted with.

3d Judge. Here is a Liſt of all whom we proſcribe:
This the Reward of each, alive or dead.

[*Gives a Paper to the Officer, who goes out with the reſt of the Guards, taking the Paper.*]

THES. Likewiſe ſee that our Ports be well ſecur'd,
That none eſcape out of the Land from Juſtice.

Exeunt all but Euripides.

EUR. Now let it Work. Miſchief thou art on Foot;

Enter a Servant.

Take thou what Courſe thou wilt. How now Fellow?

Serv. I come from *Mægara*, where the Diſciples
Of *Socrates* are ſafely now arriv'd.
They bid me come to you, Sir, and enquire
If yet the Fury of their Maſter's Foes
Proceeded ſtill to perſecute his Friends?

Or they might ſafely now return to *Athens*?
If not, deſire that you will come to them.

EUR. Not ſafely yet, but ſhortly 't may be ſafe.
Mean while I will inform them by Letters,
Which I will have thee take along with thee.
'Tis very likely Vengeance will purſue
The bloody Foes of martyr'd *Socrates*.
Come go along with me and take the Letters. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Melitus's *Houſe.*

Enter MELITUS.

" THE Evil Genius of the State's abroad;
" Horror, Deſpair, and publick Conſternation
" Sit on the Looks of all the Citizens,
" As it were Dooms-day; and as I paſs'd by
" At me they gaz'd, and gnaſh'd their Teeth, and frown'd,
" And with their angry Looks ſeem'd to accuſe me,
" As if I had been the Author of their Woes.
" I haſted home to 'ſcape the threat'ning Danger,
" Which from their growing Fury much I fear'd.

Enter ANYTUS.

ANYT. " The Exercifes ſtopt, the Schools ſhut up,
" Proclaim a Time of univerſal Mourning.

MEL. Now do I dread th'Event of your ill Counſel,
Which led me on to be Accomplice with thee

In

In the Deſtruction of the Innocent.

ANYT. Led on by me! Forbear thus to accuſe me
Of what you know your Friend is innocent.

MEL. Your Fingers itching after filthy Bribes,
Have drawn upon us both the publick Hate,
As I had been Companion in your Revels.

ANYT. Injurious Man!
Blacken not me before yourſelf is clear.

MEL. Yes, I will ſay it was your ancient Grudge
Inveterate againſt ſo good a Man,
Induc'd you to accuſe him, and lead me
To be a baſe Accomplice in your Guilt.

ANYT. By me led on!

MEL. Aye, by you.

ANYT. Forbear thus to accuſe my Innocence;
Leaſt you provoke the Fury of *Anytus*!
I ſay 'tis falſe! thoſe Paſſions in your Soul,
Far more unruly than the Monſter *Hydra*,
Set you on doing that for which you blame me.

MEL. Great Gods! See how this angry Man upbraids me,
As if I had been guilty as *Cataline*,
And he as harmleſs as *Cicero*
His Conqueror; but ſurely had I been
Calm and unruffled as a Summer Sea,
When not a Breath of Wind flies o'er its Surface,
This might diſarm me of my Patience;
Spur my Revenge. Old Man, how dar'ſt thou ſay ſo?

ANYT. Go to, you peeviſh Boy, threaten thy Slaves,
For thou can'ſt not affrighten *Anytus*.

Enter Porphirius *bloody with his Sword drawn.*

POR. Difference! Fie, my Friends; our common Danger

Should teach us to unite; for certain Danger
Approaches, and which threatens us with *Death*:
For all the public Calamities
Which have befallen *Athens*, now are charg'd
As Tokens of the Wrath of Heaven upon it,
For th'unjuſt Death of *Socrates*; and now,
The King and Senate have decreed to appeaſe
Heav'n's Vengeance by the Blood of his Accuſers.

MEL. Where learned you that *Porphirius*?

POR Myſelf was apprehended by the Guard,
But kill'd my Keeper, and made my Eſcape
This very Moment, and fled thro' the City.
All People cried aloud to apprehend me;
But I eſcap'd from them, and in the Streets,
The furious Rabble ſton'd me as I paſs'd,
And hardly I eſcaped with my Life;
Let us not part my Friends, but ſhare one Fate.

ANYT. That well becomes brave Men;
Yet are we much ſecurer from the Reach
Of angry Pow'r, and likelieſt to obtain
Conditions for our Families, Lives, and Fortunes.
The killing Shaft being out, it is more ſafe
T'avoid the Aim.

MEL. Sir, you may do your Will;
Our ſeparate Fortunes may keep us the ſafer,
I ſhall ſtay here till farther News arrive;
Perhaps *Death's* Sentence chang'd into a Mulct,
If not, I've promiſe of ſome well arm'd Friends,
Who have agreed to riſe in our Defence.

ANYT. Now I'll take Horſe and Poſt to *Heraclea*,
And would perſuade you all to follow me,

But

But as you pleaſe, there's warrant in that Theft,
Which ſteals itſelf when there's no Mercy left.

MEL. We Part perhaps never to meet again,
So many of our Friends ſo lately fallen,
† Thro' deep Deſpair, by Self, and violent Hands;
And others baniſh'd, give us Cauſe to fear it:
Therefore, my Friend, let us exchange Forgv'neſs;
The Warmth of Youth, and Frowardneſs of Age,
Let's mutually forget.

ANYT. Oh! *Melitus*,
For ever and for ever farewell to thee;
Perhaps indeed we ne'er may meet again.
If ſafely I arrive at *Heraclea*,
I ſhall be glad to hear what comes of you.

MEL. Oh! that the ſov'reign Pow'r, who ſhap'd our Parts;
Who gave us Souls, and underſtanding Hearts;
Had given us Eyes, whereby to underſtand
Th'Event of ev'ry Work we take in Hand.

ANYT. Once more farewell. [*Exit* Anytus.

Guns go off.

MEL. I heard ſome Guns go off, I fear he's ta'en;
I know ſtrict Search this Moment is on Foot,
Till it be over; mean while, *Dromo*, thou
Haſte to thy Lady, carry her this Letter,
And ſtay her from returning home awhile,
And in her Abſence it will comfort her.

Dro. My Lord, I ſhall obey your Orders. [*Exit* Dromo.

MEL. I feel a ſhiv'ring like the Stroke of Death;
And in a mournful Tone, methought a Voice,
As from ſome vaulted Manſion, hollow'd to me;
As if a Ghoſt had call'd me to my Grave.

Dro.

† *See* Byſshe's *Life of* Socrates, *p.* 98.

Re-enter Dromo.

Dro. My Lord, the Moment I went out o'th'Gate,
I ſaw ſome of your Friends poſting this Way;
They are all arm'd, and Shout that they're purſu'd
By armed Bands, ſent out to apprehend
All who conſpir'd againſt *Socrates*.
[*Cry without, fly, fly, fly.*

POR. Open the Gates, that all our Friends may enter.
[*Cry nearer, fly,* &c.

Enter other of the Conſpirators.

MEL. We need not fly, there's Room enough to die
Upon this ſingle Spot. Welcome my Friends,
Ariſtoxenus, Ageſilaus,
Hail to you both, ſince we're prepar'd and arm'd,
Here will we ſtand the Fury of a Siege,
In this our little Palace with you all:
I'll Fight, till from my Bones my Fleſh is hack'd,
E're I'll be born a Pris'ner to the State.

POR. Our Walls are ſtrong, and may perhaps hold out,
With the Aſſiſtance of our gallant Friends,
Till we obtain Conditions for our Lives,
And all our Friends; that is my utmoſt Hope.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. There's a whole Band of Men juſt now advancing,
Who hearing we had fortify'd ourſelves,
Intending to evade the Laws decree,
Are come this Minute to attack the Palace.

MEL. We have ſome Cannons planted on the Walls;
And if we fire all our Guns at once
Upon them, we may put them to the Flight,
If there be but a little Band of Men.

POR.

POR. Retire, and every one take to his Arms. [*Exeunt.*

Enter an Officer and Soldiers, and Lycon *as Chief.*

Off. This Way the Palace is acceſſible:
A vigorous Attack upon this Side,
Will draw the whole Power of the Rebels here;
Mean while, you *Lycon*, with your Squadron, force
The Northern Door, and ſo encloſe them round. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter Lycon *and his Party, purſuing* Melitus, Porphirius, *and their Party.*

LYC. Hear Citizens and Countrymen of *Athens*,
What is the Reaſon why you riſe in Arms,
To take the Parts of theſe rebellious Lords,
Who traiterouſly have conſpir'd the Death
O'th'Innocent, and from malignant Stars,
Have drawn this Plague * that blaſts unhappy *Athens:*
If you regard your King and Country's ſafety,
Or your own Lives, without the leaſt delay,
Deliver them up inſtantly to Juſtice.

MEL. Defend us Friends, and liſten not to thoſe,
Whoſe lying Fanes, and forging Prophets, have
Conſpir'd to take away our Lives and Fortunes;
Becauſe their Oracle, as they pretend,
Hath charged ſtrange Guilt on us, of which they know
That we are free.

LYC. *Melitus*, your own Conſcience muſt accuſe you,
Or why by this rebellious Courſe do you
Make your Defence, and not deliver up
Yourſelves unto the Judgment of the Law?

MEL. My Law is in my Sword, and that ſhall try me;
But not the Judgment of your King and Senate;
Therefore

* *See* Byſshe's *Life of* Socrates, *p.* 97.

Therefore my Friends, let us not parly longer,
Draw all; and when I give the Word, fall on.

LYC. Take my Advice, do but deliver up
Melitus, and thoſe other two your Leaders,
And all the others of you ſhall be pardoned.

ALL. Talk not of delivering; we will protect him.

LYC. Then let's fall on, I doubt not in this Cauſe,
With twice thoſe odds of Men t'overcome you.

[*Exeunt fighting.*

Alarm, and firing off of Guns.

Enter Officers and Soldiers, and fight: Porphirius *falls.*

POR. I die, *Melitus*. Now, *Socrates*, thou art reveng'd
Upon *Porphirius*,
As the laſt Night thy Spirit came and told me. [*Dies.*

Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.

MEL. Oh, Friends, come to my Reſcue.

Sold. No reſcuing here.

MEL. Theſe Wounds are but a Prelude
Unto the fatal Stroke which I foreſee
Will fall on my devoted Head this Day.
This is my Birth-Day: Time is come about:
And e'er Tomorrow's Sun I am no more.

Officer. Spoken like a true Prophet; take and bind him.

[*They bind* Melitus.

Our Orders were to take thee Dead or Living;
And being an Out-law, thou art dead in Law:
You have not left one Minute more to live.
Strike, ſheath your Daggers in the Traytor's Breaſt.

MEL. Stop till I offer one Vow to the Gods.

Officer. Strike, ſtrike, I ſay: Kill him immediately.

[*They ſtab* Melitus.

MEL.

MEL. What hath been charg'd upon me I have done:
Juſtly the Gods do thus revenge the Blood
Shed by my Tongue, who will purſue the Slayer
Ev'n to the utmoſt Corners of the Earth;
And make his Conſcience own his Crime of Murther
Sooner or later. Oh! the Stroke of Death
Hath ſeiz'd my Senſe: I die and am no more. [*Dies.*

Officer. Take up the Bodies; bear them to the Senate:
Here our Commiſſion ends. Away, away.
[*Exeunt with the Bodies.*

Enter Meliſſa *and* Dromo.

MELISS. Oh, *Dromo*, haſten hence, and ſeek thy Lord;
For he fled from his Houſe early this Morn.
Enquire among his Friends. Alas! I fear
He was in great Confuſion when he went.

DROM. Madam, I ſhall obey you; but, Oh me!

MELISS. Alas! what mean you?

DROM. There was a Decree
Paſs'd Yeſterday; know you not of it Madam?

MELISS. I know not, *Dromo*; for ſince I return'd
To-day from *Cnidus*, I have heard no News.
Say, what haſt thou to tell?

DROM. I dare not tell.

MELISS. He was well when he left me in the Morning;
Th'Infection had not then reach'd to our Houſe.
Say, hath it happen'd ſince?

DROM. Alas! Madam,
I fear by this Time ----------

MELISS. Speak; what wouldſt thou ſay?
I fear'd ſome Evil would befall our Houſe:

I dreamt laſt Night he was dreſs'd in a Shroud,
And that I follow'd him unto the Grave.

DROM. I fear that ſoon 'twill be too true a Dream.

MELISS. Ah me!

DROM. A Warrant is ſign'd for his Death.

MELISS. Ha! what condemn'd to Death unheard, unpleaded?

DROM. And by this Time I fear he is no more.

MELISS. Is this the promis'd End? Give me thy Dagger,
Poiſon, or Fire, or Water! Ah! my Lord.
I have a ſtrong Temptation, *Dromo*, *Dromo*;
But ſtay a while; he ſhall not go alone;
I'll follow him. Here then this is well aim'd.

[*Snatches* Dromo's *Dagger, draws it, and offers to ſtab herſelf: He prevents her.*]

DROM. Stop, ſtop, oh ſtop your cruel Hand! Oh Heav'ns!
This is the utmoſt Fury of Deſpair.
Help! Help!
Madam, what meant you by that deſperate Aim?

[*Enter other Sevants, and lead her off.*

Scene the Royal Palace.

Enter Theſeus *the King*, Euripides, Lycon, Lyſias, Plato, Apollodorus, Chærophon.

THES. You worthy Friends of murther'd *Socrates*,
Whoſe memory we honour, and therefore,
To recompence you for your Loſs of him,
We have thought fit to call you from your Exile,
To ſhare the common Privileges here,
With other of the Citizens of *Athens*:
As for his vile Accuſers, ſome have felt

The

The Cup of their deſerving, who have fallen,
By Self and violent Hands; and we have ſent
Our Warrants out to apprehend the others.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My gracious Lord, the Officer's return'd
With News, that *Anytus* and *Melitus*,
And *Porphirius*, whom you have proſcrib'd,
Are dead, and they have brought their Bodies with them.

THES. Bring them before us; ſet them in our View.

Exit Meſſenger.

This rig'rous Execution makes us tremble,
But moves us not with Pity.

The Bodies are brought in by Officers and Soldiers.

How fell they?

Off. Myſelf ſlew *Porphirius* and *Melitus*;
* But *Anytus* was ſlain in *Heraclea*,
Being ſton'd to Death by the Inhabitants.

THES. *Meliſſa* too is dead, we are inform'd:
By what Means did that virtuous Woman die?

EUR. Being impatient for *Melitus's* Abſence,
And hearing of his Death, ſhe fell diſtracted;
So burſt her Heart with Violence of Grief.

LYC. We now may hope that Heav'n will be appeas'd,
And put an end to all our Sufferings,
That foreign Foes no more deſtroy our Fields,
The lab'ring Hind's beſt Hope; nor civil Broils,
Since now the Plague has ceas'd from raging here.

THES. We now have done all that is in our Power,
T'avenge the guiltleſs Blood of *Socrates*;

* Ibid, *p.* 98.

All

All now remaining is, that we do ſomething
To propagate his Mem'ry among Men:
This ſhall be done; we'll ſet up in his Honour
A brazen Statue, made by *Lyſippus*,
And place it in the Houſe of Pomps; likewiſe
A Chapel to him we will dedicate;
And after him, the Structure ſhall be called
Socrateon, from pious *Socrates*;
So his revenging Ghoſt we ſhall appeaſe.
Henceforth by this Example warned be
Ye Kings and Princes to Poſterity;
If Plagues your loyal Subjects ſhould annoy,
That Heav'n ſends you their Authors to deſtroy.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

ACT I.

Page 3. *after l.* 8. *read.*

But rally on the Stage impunibly.
The greateſt Men of the Republick.

Page 9. *l.* 17. *read.*

Who ſhames to ſhew the luſtful Heart's Deſires.

Page 14. *after l.* 1. *add,*

POR. Originally bred a Statuary,
Hé in his Art indeed was ſo well vers'd,
That Statues of *Mercury* and the *Graces*,
Were carv'd by him, and in the Caſtle plac'd,
But afterwards, ſoon quitting his Employment,
Contrary to his Father's ſtrict Commands,
Sophroniſcus, to keep to his own Trade,
Led blindly on by his capricious Humour,
Left it, to be *Archelaus*'s Diſciple.
He firſt diſcours'd in Shops, and publick Places,
Was pull'd by th' Cloak, laugh'd at, aye, and once kick'd.
A Man of ſo ridiculous a Temper,
By cenſuring the Faults of Great and Small,
Should keep us in ſuch Fear, it doth diſturb me.
AN. 'Tis better then, *&c.*

Page 22. *l.* 11. *read.*

LYC. Foretold he not the Fleet which we prepar'd.
To conquer *Sicily*, wou'd ne'er return.
And ſo it prov'd: For *Nicias* not attacking
Syracuſa, the Inhabitants forewarn'd,
In Time prepar'd themſelves for their Defence.

All now remaining is, that we do ſomething
To propagate his Mem'ry among Men:
This ſhall be done; we'll ſet up in his Honour
A brazen Statue, made by *Lyſippus*,
And place it in the Houſe of Pomps; likewiſe
A Chapel to him we will dedicate;
And after him, the Structure ſhall be called
Socrateon, from pious *Socrates*;
So his revenging Ghoſt we ſhall appeaſe.
Henceforth by this Example warned be
Ye Kings and Princes to Poſterity;
If Plagues your loyal Subjects ſhould annoy,
That Heav'n ſends you their Authors to deſtroy.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.

ACT I.

Page 3. *after l.* 8. *read.*

But rally on the Stage impunibly.
The greateſt Men of the Republick.

Page 9. *l.* 17. *read.*

Who ſhames to ſhew the luſtful Heart's Deſires.

Page 14. *after l.* 1. *add,*

POR. Originally bred a Statuary,
He in his Art indeed was ſo well vers'd,
That Statues of *Mercury* and the *Graces*,
Were carv'd by him, and in the Caſtle plac'd,
But afterwards, ſoon quitting his Employment,
Contrary to his Father's ſtrict Commands,
Sophroniſcus, to keep to his own Trade,
Led blindly on by his capricious Humour,
Left it, to be *Archelaus*'s Diſciple.
He firſt diſcours'd in Shops, and publick Places,
Was pull'd by th' Cloak, laugh'd at, aye, and once kick'd.
A Man of ſo ridiculous a Temper,
By cenſuring the Faults of Great and Small,
Should keep us in ſuch Fear, it doth diſturb me.
AN. 'Tis better then, *&c.*

Page 22. *l.* 11. *read.*

LYC. Foretold he not the Fleet which we prepar'd.
To conquer *Sicily*, wou'd ne'er return.
And ſo it prov'd: For *Nicias* not attacking
Syracuſa, the Inhabitants forewarn'd,
In Time prepar'd themſelves for their Defence.

ACT

ACT III.

Page 22. *after l.* 26.

Remember how he hazarded his Life,
Endeavouring to reſcue by himſelf
Good *Theramenes* ſentenced to die
Unjuſtly, by th' *Athenian* thirty Tyrants.
How he their unjuſt Order diſobey'd.
To bring a Citizen from *Salamina*,
Unjuſtly ſentenced by them likewiſe.

Page 34. *l.* 21. *after the Word* drinks.

Haſte, haſte, my Friends, away to *Mægara*,
T' eſcape the Death which now you ſee me ſuffer,
The few remaining Moments of my Life,
I'd fain employ in doing you ſome Service.
I recommend to you with my laſt Breath,
The Care of my Wife, and her two dear Infants.
I'm fanting, dying; when ſhall I be freed
Out of this wretched Priſon, the ſinful World.
I feel a Ray of Light dart in upon me,
Which greatly chears up my departing Soul.
Thou Pow'r Supreme! in whom I've always believ'd,
Though Clouds of Doubts and dark Uncertainties,
Shadow'd the diſtant Proſpect of my Hopes.
Impute not this my Weakneſs to my Fault;
You're Merciful and Wiſe, but I am, Oh! [*Dies.*